

MY YUKON ROSE

Song



SD WILLIAM

Words By
HARRY D. KERR

Music By
WILLIAM D. ALEXANDER

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Lyric by
HARRY D. KERR

Music by
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Piano **Moderato**

North - land, I am yearn - ing, To you
North star, You are guid - ing, Where my

- I'm re - turn - ing, When spring melts your snows. In my dreams
- love is hid - ing, Keep your light a glow. When sun - beams

- I am hear - ing, one voice so en - dear - ing, And my heart then goes.
- light the gray days, I dream of the May days, When once more I'll go.

Chorus

All the way to Yu - kon un - der sum - mer skies, I'll be soon a -

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ASK
PLAYER-P



ASK
PHONOGR
OF

wind - ing — down the trail that lies — Where the gold - en treas - ure —

— that al-lures me there — Is the gold that's in your hair —

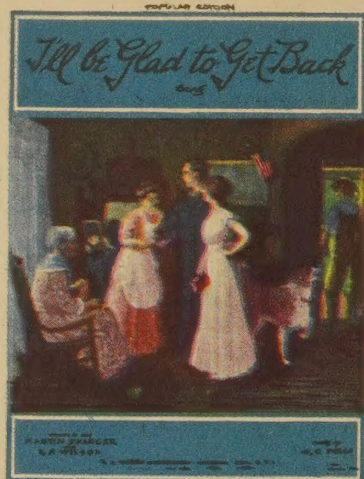
— When the day is lone - ly, — When the shad-ows close — I can hear you

call - ing — And my love knows — That the long wind-ing trail is lead - ing —

To the heart of my Yu - kon rose. — All the way to rose. —

1 2

D.S.



ASK FOR ALL OF THESE NUMBERS WHERE YOU BOUGHT THIS

Words by JEAN LEFAVRE

Dear Heart

Music by W. C. POLLA & WILLARD GOLDSMITH

Dear heart, are you true to me, — My heart yearns for
on - ly thee, — My Soul knows no sun - shine, —

My Castles In The Air Are Tumbling Down

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by W. C. POLLA

My cas - tles in the air are tum - bling, tum - bling down. And that's be - cause you said you
can no lon - ger care, My cas - tles in the air are tum - bling down. They were filled with

Words by JEAN LEFAVRE

BUDDY

Music by W. C. POLLA

Bud - dy, — I want you Bud - dy, my heart's lone - ly too,
Bud - dy — my pal, I miss you. There is noth - ing — I would - n't

Yo - San

Words by JEAN LEFAVRE

Music by W. C. POLLA

My gei - sha Yo - San, From Ja - pan, — I am so lone - ly, —
— I love you on - ly, — Come dear we'll sail a - - way from here — No more to

Why Do They Call Mama Poor Butterfly

Words by LOUIS SEIFERT

Music by W. C. POLLA

Dad - dy dear please tell me why, they call ma - ma Poor But - ter - fly? She has no
wings, and out - ter - flies are paint - ed things with naugh - ty eyes. She's so sad since you're

My Garden Of Love

Words by ELLA M. SMITH

Music by W. C. POLLA

In my gar - den of love grew a flow'r, — a blos - som so won - der - ous and fair, — I
cher - ished it ev - 'ry hour, — And gave it ten - der - est care, — But in - to my

I'll Be Glad To Get Back

Words by MARTIN SWAUGER and R. A. WILSON

Music by W. C. POLLA

I'll be glad to get back to the lit - tle home town And the moth - er wait - ing pa - tient -
-ly Back to the street where my sweet Mar - guer - ite Night - ly

I Want A Dixie Sweetheart

Words by JACK GARTLAND

Music by W. C. POLLA

I want a Dix - ie sweet - heart, With eyes so true and
blue; — She must be a mer - ry root - er. — For old Yan - kee